

## The Weekly Expositor.

J. A. MENZIE, Editor and Proprietor.

BROCKWAY CENTER, MICH.

Miss A. Brown, who has taken up the prodigious task of overturning history, has begun the publication of a weekly paper to urge the claim of Leif Erickson to the honors accorded Christopher Columbus. Miss Brown believes she has abundant proof of the proposition that Erickson not only discovered America but settled a colony here nearly five hundred years before Columbus began vexing the Spanish court, and that it was on information picked up in Iceland that Columbus based his ideas of the Western world. Miss Brown is a small, determined body, with remarkable mental activity, and for many years has been elaborating this Leif Erickson theory, with a success that is not contemptible since she has aroused the sympathy and secured the support of the Scandinavian world. Her paper, which bears the name of her hero, is devoted to the cause with a largeness that is impressive and a clearness that is not wholly speculative. In May she will go to Iceland for further evidence, having letters to distinguished scholars at Reykjavik, Dr. Sigurdur Vigfusson and Dr. Hjalmar, that will doubtless secure her access to the Antiquarian Museum and the garnered literature and written traditions of Iceland. She believes that she will have enough evidence by 1892 to show the Americans the folly of doing any celebrating in honor of Columbus.

The son of Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby has introduced a bill with the following clause in the New York legislature: "Every candidate for any public office in this state, or in any county or municipality thereof, which office is to be filled by popular election, shall within ten days after such election file in the office of the secretary of state an itemized statement of all moneys contributed by him, and all debts incurred by him in aid of his election; and whenever any part of said moneys was paid or promised to be paid to any agent, committee, organization, person or persons, then said statement shall contain in detail a statement of the manner in which said moneys were expended or debts incurred by such agent, committee, organization, person, or persons." The penalty for violation is imprisonment, fine and a prohibition of the candidate's taking his seat or drawing his salary until the statement required by the bill is made.

Naval circles are more than pleased with the remarkable performances of the dynamite cruiser, Vesuvius, which has just completed its third official trial. The boat has qualified herself as the fastest vessel afloat, having made a record of twenty-five statute miles an hour. But aside from her speed the Vesuvius is destined to revolutionize modern ships of war just as the Monitor in her day made the modern ironclad an impossibility. The new dynamite gun with which the vessel is armed, has brought into use the most terrible agent of destruction known to modern warfare. It is safe to say that a number of such vessels armed with such pieces of ordnance will be a match for the navies of the old world.

In New York a number of women of philanthropic instincts have formed a ladies' health protective association and hold monthly conferences, in which they discuss questions relating to public health and morals. At its last meeting Miss Julia Thomas made a report in regard to the public schools of New York, in which she spoke of the urgent necessity of improving the school houses, declaring that many of the present school houses are so dirty and unhealthy that they are demoralizing to the children morally, mentally and physically.

A new feminine enterprise in London is the Women's Penny Paper. This journal, which is printed, written and conducted solely by women, speaks out boldly on all the current topics of the day, and promises to become of some importance as a political factor. It will be conducted on independent principles, treating all questions in a broad way, its object being to give the public the benefit of intelligence and unprejudiced opinion.

The steamship record across the Atlantic is as unstable as the six days' go-as-you-please figures. It is an interesting question as to just where the record will stop. The Cunarder Umbria has just lowered the east-bound record to 6 days 2 hours and 45 minutes, a decrease of something like two hours. The west-bound record is now only about an hour below the eastward passage.

Four clover leaves of three pearls each, with a single pearl between each leaf and a diamond center, is the design of a pretty brooch.

### A SPIN ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

Forty-five Miles an Hour in the Cab of a Special Engine.

Special engine 522 stood in the Grand Central depot impatiently puffing little jets of steam from various points of her mechanical anatomy. At her side, with an oil-can that seemed all spout, stood a gray-headed, keen-eyed engineer. The engine was the one used exclusively by Supts. Toucey, Voorhees and Buchanan. The engineer was Nat Sawyer, who for a quarter of a century has held the levers of the finest engines on the New York Central road, but whose services now are confined solely to 522, save in the case of special need for his services upon some of the lightning trains. It was just sunrise and the mists of light slanted across the yard and fairly revelled in the bright brass work on the engine that delights Nat's eyes and keeps his dream, Mike Lynch, busy whenever the big drive-wheels are brought to a dead stop.

No 522 is also an observation car. She never pulls anything but her coal-tender, but built right over her boiler, and extending from Nat's cab to just back of the funnel is a well-appointed car containing leather-upholstered seats for seven. The front and sides of this cab are entirely glass save where the stationers that uphold the roof are fitted. As a result any one seated within has an unobstructed view of the road before them and all the scenery on either side. It is in this cab over the boiler that the high officials do their "looking over the road." Not the directors, but the practical railroad men who can run along at a forty-five mile gallop and see everything that relates to track, ties or road-bed just as clearly as though they were on foot and armed with a forty-five-horse power microscope.

On the morning in question Nat was going to take a run up the road. It is one of his pet practices to speak of 522 and himself as though the combination was going to attend to all business on such a trip, but for all that there is no more level-headed, sensible engineer than this same Nat Sawyer, with his grizzled beard and a strained look in his eyes, just as though he expected every minute to see a heavy train come slap into his pet engine. He doesn't expect any such thing, for he has never had an accident in all his life and never expects to. Just as the little clock in the observation car showed 7:10 a heavy-built, kindly-faced man climbed into the car and said: "You can let her go, Nat." It was William Buchanan, superintendent of motive power and rolling stock. The World reporter, who had previously taken his seat, by the kind permission of Mr. Voorhees, was pleasantly greeted, and 522 jumped along at the rate of about forty miles an hour on her way to Albany. At Spuyten Duyvil Mr. Theodore Voorhees was taken on. Mr. Voorhees is the assistant general superintendent and one of the busiest as well as one of the most popular officials on the New York Central road.

After a pleasant chat with the officials the World man climbed back into the cab proper with Nat. The old engineer is a character, and as he stands with one hand on the lever peering intently through his window, he does quite a bit of shrewd philosophizing on his own account. As a rule, no one ever occupies his cab save himself, and Mr. Chancey Depew to sit on the little leather-covered shelf across the boiler from Nat, the ever-watchful old fellow might talk to the general president, but he wouldn't take his eyes away from the bright lines of rail that stretch out before him and seem to come together in the distance. Every now and then a limited express or mail train would appear in the distance, and before one well appreciated the fact of its motion would rush past with that peculiar clang of the bell that seems like the ghost of a sound, so quickly does it vanish. Whenever a train passes rapidly the dust and small gravel would hurt itself against the glass windows of Nat's cab as it was picked up and carried along by the powerful draught caused by the train going in the opposite direction.

As the special rushed through Old Spring station a rather disconsolate coach dog stood on the track. Nat grabbed his whistle lever and performed a brilliantly executed staccato movement. The dog listened attentively, but didn't move. The car was jumping about forty feet every second, and the dog wasn't more than a hundred yards away. Nat's brazen whistle tooted again, and just as everybody was prepared to see that dog literally distributed over the immediate scenery, he gave a little skip and sat down not more than four feet from the track, and tried to look as though he had seen the engine all the time and was only fooling with Nat.

The incident didn't trouble Nat, who remarked: "Did yer see the dog?" "Yes," was the reply.

Well, that's an old railroad dog. He does that sort of thing every day. You couldn't hit that dog with an engine if you tried. He's too smart. I thought he was gone this time. He never tried the trick with me before, but I've heard of him from other engine men. When I saw him skip off and sit down by the track I remembered him."

All this time Nat was looking straight ahead, but seeing a possibility of further communication it was seized by the reporter.

"How long have you been on this road, Nat?"

"Me? Well, let's see. I first worked on this road in 1855. It was the old Hudson River road then. I left it for awhile three years after that, but came back in '61 and have been here ever since."

"Been engineer all that time?"

"No; but I've been in the cab twenty-five years this winter."

"Ever had an accident?"

"No; nor I don't want to, either. Had one or two pretty close calls, though."

"Here Nat reached back and turned a little knob, which made a lot of hissing and spitting."

"That's trying the water," said he in explanation, "and it's the only thing that requires me to take my eye off the track, but, as you saw, I had to turn around to reach it."

"How close did you ever come to an accident, Nat?"

"Oh, I don't exactly know. The closest thing I ever had wasn't really close at all, but it took all the sand out of me for a minute. It happened this way. I was coming down from Albany with Mr. Bisell. He is Superintendent of the division between Syracuse and New York City. I had this engine, and we were jogging along as an extra and making pretty good time—forty-five or fifty miles an hour. Just down the road a ways there is a sharp turn. Well, I came whooping along and Mr. Bisell was in front there reading the papers. Just as we swung around the curve I saw a red flag waving like mad in the wind. Now, I knew there was a freight train not far ahead of me and it flashed through my head that maybe she had broken down. I couldn't see around the curve and of course expected that in about half a minute I'd be on top of that there freight. I reversed the lever and threw on the air-brake. The shock nearly threw Mr. Bisell out of his seat. When I had time to look at the flag again I found out that instead of a danger signal it was the red petticoat of a woman walking alongside of the track. She had a lot of wood in her dress held up before her, while the red petticoat was flapping away beneath. The freight train was way ahead on a switch waiting for us to pass. Well, I just laughed and went on, but if there had been any hair on the top of my head I'm pretty sure it would have stood on end. But there ain't any there," quipped remarked Nat as he pulled off his cap and revealed a perfectly bald cranium.

"You see," continued he, "it ain't so much the running a special as it is in running extra. When you run an extra it's mighty hard work. You've got to make the time, because mostly officers are in a hurry, and as you haven't got any regular time you must look out for yourself. Running extra you don't have any rights at all. You just take what you can get and look out for yourself. Nobody else will look out for you. I've carried Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Toucey and Mr. Voorhees for years and I never hurt any of 'em. I tell 'em that when I hurt any of 'em I'm going to stop right there."

Just then 522 rushed through Rhinebeck. A little way the other side is a sharp curve, and as the car swung around the rocks the fast mail from Chicago was seen thundering along. On the track a little ahead of 522 was a gang of laborers. They couldn't take the other track because the mail would be over them in a second. For a minute they hesitated, and then dropping their tools rolled in a heap outside the tracks. A big sledge was left standing in the middle of the track its handle pointing straight up. The next instant the edge of the cowcatcher struck the sledge, and the handle with such force that it was cut off as cleanly as though it had been sawn. The engine was going over forty-five miles an hour, and the inertia of the handle was great enough to withstand the shock for the hundredth part of a second by which time the edge of the cowcatcher had chopped it off.

"That's the way with them road-workers," observed Nat. "If this had been an ordinary train or road-engine, you would have found them sitting up on the bank by the time the train was a quarter of a mile away. But they heard our whistle at Rhinebeck and wanted to make out that they were too busy fixing the road to pay much attention to their lives. You see this whistle is different from any other on the road—pitched in a lower key—and all the employees can tell it as far as it can be heard. As I generally carry one or two superintendents, the passage of this engine generally causes a fit of work all along the road," and the shrewd old fellow chuckled at the scare he had given the road gang.

On went the special and Nat, with his eyes steadily fixed on the track ahead, told about the loyalty of the Central's employees during the labor troubles of 1877, and how they "was not a man on the road who wouldn't take off his coat any time, night or day, to get through in a hurry any work that Mr. Toucey or Mr. Buchanan wanted finished rapidly. If a man works hard and takes an interest in the road he's pretty sure of promotion," said Nat. "Of course, every engine-man—we don't call 'em engineers on the road—has got to serve as long as fireman, but he's sure to get a chance if he deserves it. That man there," pointing towards Mr. Buchanan, who sat in the observation cab, "has made more engine-men than any other railroad man in the country, and they are generally good ones. I do say that is one of 'em," added he modestly. Just then Mr. Voorhees held up his hand, and Nat slowed down and stopped in front of a station, where the telegraph operator handed a lot of telegrams to the officials, and the next minute 522 was bustling along around the base of a big mountain, with the capital building of Albany looming up a few miles in advance.

Hardly had the big engine stopped in the depot at Albany than Nat was out of his cab rubbing a little here and oiling a little there and evidently as fond of his engine as a lover of his mistress. Standing on the platform Mr. Buchanan, who was going to take the special over the line to Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo, said: "Yes Nat is a great fellow. He has been an engineer on our line for twenty-five years and is next to the oldest one we have. He knows every line of the road in the Central system and is the only man we have who does. He is careful, sensible and shrewd and has never had an accident. Among the Brotherhood of Engineers he has no little influence, and is, I think, liked by everybody who knows him." Then Mr. Buchanan got aboard. Nat pulled out the throttle and they were off on their "run over the road."

Signals of Railroad Men.

Red signifies danger, Green signifies caution, go slowly. White signifies safety. Green and white signifies stop at flag stations for passengers or freight. One cap or torpedo on rail means stop immediately. Two caps or torpedoes on rail means reduced speed immediately and look out for danger signal.

### The Guide-Post—A Fable.

An innkeeper of Argolis, who had kept his tavern at the parting of ways for upwards of half a century, died; and his shade repairing, as the custom was, to the immortal gates of shadow, implored (for so the etiquette of the dead was, as with us now a matter of habit) high regard and honor from the gods at whose hands favor was.

"Nay," quoth the warlike, helper to him called Hermes, messenger to the higher gods; "but say first what hast thou done to deserve favor at our heavenly hands? Speak and tell of thy good deeds and worthy."

The innkeeper, who was indeed worthy enough, was of a modest turn. Not used to dignities except perchance on rare occasions to serve them at his hostelry, he stood abashed, eyes drooping, unable to command words to answer fitly or even at first at all.

"Perhaps thou hast built a temple in thy time?" said the door god, not without a touch of mockery in his tone.

"O no!" answered the new immortal.

"O no, indeed? I never thought of doing that."

"Hast thou ever sent a gift of jewels or of gold to Delphi?"

"Never."

"Or of wine or kid?"

"Never."

"Not even a young dove?"

"No," answered the poor innkeeper sadly, "not even a young dove, nor any other thing."

"And what then in the way of good didst thou do in thy life? Canst thou think of ought?"

"I kept my tavern," the man said very humbly. "All people who passed that way used to relate how I kept it well, serving the best always and caring well for beast and man."

"And getting thy reckoning?"

"Surely. Why not? 'Twas my due."

"The gods," was the reply, surely and scornful, "honor them not who for pay do their duty. Is that thy notion of the heavenly kingdom?"

Now was the innkeeper mightily put about at all this sharp questioning. In his heart he felt himself not knowing nor asking why, to be verily worthy, but unable to give account of himself, he was embarrassed and shamefaced, till, at last and getting his brains, he ventured to speak aloud in his own behalf respecting one thing he had thought of that night—his humbly deemed—be permitted to count for something.

"One thing I did," said he.

"Another duty doubtless. If that alone, spare thy breath."

"No, 'twas no duty; and in my business was of a truth a hindrance; for had I done it not, many who else would have turned over night with me, or when Boreas ruled and the storms of winter raged, even longer, hide away quietly."

"And this great thing?"

"'Twas so great thing," replied the supplicant, "twas only that beyond my gate where the ways parted, I set up a guide-board, and kept it there; two hands pointing, one to either town, one north, one east."

"Hast thou," jeered the warlike, "callest thou that a worthy thing? Now step down, for here cometh one who set up a golden shrine. By the glow upon his face I can tell 'twas at least as much."

The innkeeper in sore tribulation, confident, it is true, of his own purity, but all the while himself to be a mote in the sunbeams of Olympus, hung his head disconsolate.

Disconsolate, till he was aware of a new presence, and looking furtively up, perceived before him the aforetime early wanderer, now with changed demeanor; and over against him a radiant being with the glow upon his face. His face he saw, but as well might I have said his face, save that in the calm majesty of those deep eyes lay a couchant power, seldom found in woman.

"I am Themis," said the being calmly, and then at once both knew that there was one neither man nor woman, nor any other bodily shape, save as shape was taken because the eye was made to see. So also the being spoke (thought materialized), because in no other way was it given to the brain to hear.

"I am Themis," the being said, "and I have heard the contention betwixt ye two, warlike of this eternal realm, and thou, oh new immortal."

"I am justice and knowledge. Fear not, for I tell thee that thou art welcome to this holy hill. Thou didst not know, but I know; thou didst not understand, but I understand; thou didst not see, but I see."

"In the way of our judgments, of a truth, this wanderer sufficeth to judge of the results of duty, to tell the meaning of acts, and to reward according to the deeds done in the body. But 'tis mine, oh new immortal, to look deep into the heart, and into the mystery of motive."

"Now I look, and I behold, for all the fifty years of thy earthly life, keeping thy humble tavern in Argolis, that thou didst set up at the parting of ways beyond thy gate a simple guide-board. No law compelled thee to set it there, nor did law compel thee to keep it, with its two hands pointing, one north, one east."

"Dost know what came of this work of thine?" Themis gazed, friendly, into the new comer's eyes.

"I know not," was the answer, "even as I believe that from time to time it served to help some stranger."

"Stranger? Then 'twas not for thine own acquaintance and kindness thou didst set the guide-board?"

"Not so; for surely they know the way already."

"Hast thou enemies?"

"I have some; some I know; more I am sure that I know not of, because in my way of livelihood I turned not aside to fawn for the favor of any mortal."

"Could it then be that this guide-board was of use, not only to the stranger but to an enemy of thine?"

"That I cannot say; doubtless many such passed by the inn."

"Behold!" went on the angelic being, and so speaking drew forth a scroll.

"Behold here writ the record of the work of good that, unknown to thee, thy guide-board did!"

Then he who of late had been but a simple citizen of Argolis, not learned

in the script of Cadmus, felt his eyes opened so that he was able to trace the record.

And he saw there inscribed the names of a hundred three score and five, whose lives during all the fifty years, while the guide-board had been set up, were saved by it, some were old, some mid-aged, some young. Those journeying to the north would have taken the way eastward, or, on their road to the eastern town would have wandered else to the north.

The lives of part of this multitude (as was duly set forth on the scroll) were saved from the hand of the enemy; of others from wild beasts on a strange road; of others still, from storm or pestilence.

Good, too, of many another sort the record showed; of sons restored to mourning families; of husbands to their wives; of fathers to their needy children; and further, of renewed hope in many a breast of kindled sparks of human sympathy for all humanity, in that one being had been found to feel and (unknown of all the deep significance of feeling) to show the divinity of humanity.

And, before the new immortal astonished eyes, the scroll unrolled, and the record grew and grew, telling of the vast results of each saved life, of each throbbing hope, of each happy turn of fortune.

Then Themis, smiling, said, cheerily: "This was all thy work. Though then thou didst not know, I tell thee that though men judge by the act, and even at heaven's gate itself the wardens call for gifts to Delphi and Dium, at my high court is nothing save motive reckoned."

"Because thou hast loved the right, and hast loved thy neighbor, and the stranger, and even thine enemy, and because thou hast done unto them as thou wouldst have had them do unto you, I bid thee come up higher. Come!"

So speaking Themis turned, and the new immortal, glad but yet wandering, followed on satisfied—The Open Court.

### Mme. Valsayre's Latest Exploit.

Mme. Astie de Valsayre is undoubtedly the heroine of the hour, and her latest deed of daring forms a topic of conversation which momentarily eclipses in interest the doings of the Baudouins and the Boulangists. The esteemed lady duelist and debater is not only a theoretical but also a consummately practical champion of the "rights" of her sex—a fact which was proved beyond dispute or contradiction by the feat which she has just accomplished in the Rue de Vannes, not, be it remembered, with her foils, of which she is a "past mistress," but with her fists.

It appears that during one afternoon recently a man with revolting eyes and rolling gait, which betokened his recent exit from a dram-shop wherein he had been imbibing more *petits verres* or more *petits-bis* than were good for him, was amusing his maudlin moments by leering at and insulting all the pretty women whom he met in the course of his wild and wandering walk abroad. Luckily for the interests of the insulted members of her sex, Mme. de Valsayre "came along."

As the American says, "come along," as the American says, just at the right moment, took in the situation at a glance, and, as the unsteady person was addressing an amorous observation to a quietly dressed young woman who was in a state of great alarm, the terrible champion of all suffering females gave him with lightning-like rapidity not one, but two, "in the eye."

Pre-destined, no doubt, by numerous potations, for his fall, the maudlin amuseur of maids and matrons was sent sprawling into the gutter. Instead, however, of "coming up smiling" after the blows of the lady champion, the drunkard returned to his feet, bleeding and discomfited. Seeing Mme. de Valsayre still maintaining an aggressive pugilistic attitude before him, he managed to beat a tolerably sober retreat to an adjacent police station, amid the loud laughter of the assembled bystanders. A gamin, who was one of the spectators of the lively incident, took off his cap and led a chorus of Gallic cheers, known as *vivats*, for the pugilistic protectress of weaker vessels. Mme. de Valsayre, in due course, and according to the usual statutes, provided and enacted by wise lawgivers for the proper preservation of the public peace, received a summons from the police for assault and battery; but the complainant in the action thus instituted against the lady will be very impervious to public ridicule indeed if he drags her into court.

—Paris Despatch to London Telegraph.

A Duke as a Green-Grocer.

The duke of Norfolk appears to become a green-grocer, says London Truth, for I hear that he is not above selling his fruit, vegetables and flowers at current market rates, either wholesale or retail. Visitors to Arundel Castle gardens may purchase any thing they fancy, and large hampers of produce and huge baskets of cut flowers are dispatched several times a week to Brighton and Portsmouth. Under the circumstances it seems decidedly unfair, while the duke is driving a roaring trade, that his glass houses should be rated merely as pleasure-grounds, whereas professed nurserymen have to pay a very much higher rate.

The duke has quite enough advantage over the ordinary tradesman without being favored in the matter of rates.

He Hat Chos-n His Path.

"Every young man who possesses ambition and desires to rise in the world should make up his mind early in life as to what vocation or profession he considers best adapted to his abilities," said Uncle Jonas to his nephew.

"Have you chosen your path, William?"

William (studying medicine)—Yes, uncle, I have chosen the homeo-path.—Cartoon.

Propositions Weather.

Mrs. Hobson (just bereaved): "Must you go, Mrs. Hendricks?"

Mrs. Hendricks: "Yes, it is getting late. Let me assure you again of my heartfelt sympathy in the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Hobson. Good-bye. I hope you will have a pleasant day for the funeral."—Epoch.

William (studying medicine)—Yes, uncle, I have chosen the homeo-path.—Cartoon.

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### TO SEIZE OKLAHOMA.

Armed Forces Prepared to Take Possession of the Coveted Territory at All Hazards.

Armed bodies of men, says a Wichita dispatch of recent date, have been organized throughout southern Kansas, western Arkansas, and northern Texas to take possession of Oklahoma territory by force of arms as soon as the word shall be given by their leaders.

Runners to that effect which have been rife for a long time, but which have been deemed the invention of imaginative minds, appear from information received here today to have a solid foundation upon fact. Ever since the interstate convention was held here a month ago much dissatisfaction has now taken the form of a decided movement to use force, if necessary, in gaining possession of the coveted territory.

Every one in this section of the country thinks that the Springer bill will be defeated in congress, and the settlers have determined to take decided steps in their own behalf.

Mal. G. W. Little, widely known as "Pawnee Bill," is now here ready to lead the threatened invasion. He left his wild west show and came directly from Philadelphia for this purpose. Soon after his arrival it was learned that a train of fifty wagons bound for Oklahoma was enroute just outside the city limits, and Pawnee Bill asserts that this body is the vanguard of his force. He says that determined men in every section bordering on Oklahoma have been enlisted and that the many conventions recently held to urge the opening of the territory have been justified by the boomers with a view to swelling their ranks.

The Baxter Springs meeting held this week resulted in several hundred names being added to the list of the secret organization, among them being it is said, the Ex-Gov. Crittenden of Missouri, who acted as chairman of the convention. Payne Hill, one of the leaders of the Capt. Hays raid ten years ago, is an active participant in the present movement, and he admits that it is prepared to force the opening of Oklahoma, and says that when the forward order is given the people will flood in in such numbers that the troops will be unable to stem the tide.

There are large numbers of the people here now who have been gathering from distant parts of the country for some time and this is looked upon as the vanguard of the invasion. Arkansas City and Caldwell will furnish their full quota of boomers.

Pawnee Bill denies any intent to commit violence, but adds: "If any one is hurt congress will be responsible." He says that he wants to be arrested so that the rights of settlers to occupy the Oklahoma country may be settled.

It is positively stated that a forward movement will be made about Jan. 10, and the presence here of Pawnee Bill, who is known as a famous scout, will so swell the ranks of the boomers that by that date they will be very numerous. He says that his followers will reach the number of 10,000.

OKO JUMBO.

How an African King Doctored Himself When He Couldn't Sleep.

King Oko Jumbo of Bonny, in whose august company Mrs. Ker and myself, says David Ker in Harper's Weekly, had the honor of being shipwrecked upon the west coast of Africa in the summer of 1885, was said to be a bit of a humorist in his way, but we saw very little trace of humor about him in the course of that disastrous voyage, during the whole of which he was probably the most wretched man on board. Indeed, what with his chronic, internal malady, the ceaseless rain that prevented him from coming on deck, and the prolonged seasickness which, like death in Shakespeare's famous poem, "lays its icy hands on king," the poor king might well be weary of life at sea.

Nor were these his only troubles. Having never been out of his own country till the trip to England from which he was returning, he had naturally very hazy ideas of geography, and doubtless imagined his little kingdom on the Bonny river (which he was pining to see) to be somewhere at the other end of the world, many long months away from him.

But one night (the very night before the shipwreck, by an ominous coincidence) we at length got out upon the main-deck, and it was a fine sight to see our stalwart captain supporting the old man's tottering steps, and helping him on to the lounge set for him upon the after-hatch. The sick man brightened up wonderfully beneath the influence of good Capt. Porter's cheery talk about old times in West Africa, and did his best to eat the food as if it were heavenly, but no persuasion could induce him either to take medicine or to see the ship's doctor, who unfortunately happened to be a very young man.

"Medicine no good," said the old warrior, disdainfully; "doctor no good—no sabbe nothing. One time I sick at home; no can sleep two night. I make send for white man's doctor from English factory. White doctor come—you see, you see, and he say sabbe nothing. I say, 'No can sleep now—you make me sleep.' Doctor say: 'Spose you take this bottle of sleep stuff; you drink twelve drop one time, ten we drop other time, you sleep good.' I take sleep stuff, I drink him a up one time, I sleep five whole day, five whole night! Eh, captain! me sabbe better than doctor this time! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the king exploded into such boisterous laughter that all the features of his queer old face seemed to change places and to dance a kind of inane quadrille in and out of each other as if a mad wind had escaped from death by an overdose of laughter were the finest joke in the world. But I could not help thinking that there are not a few kings in far more civilized regions than Bonny who are just as useful and intelligent when broad awake as poor Oko Jumbo was during his five days' nap.

Noted Louisville Society Leaders.

Speaking of beaux, the most noted beaux that Louisville has ever boasted of, in my opinion, were M. Lewis Clark and Thos. S. Ridd. In their day they were the social toasts of every occasion, and held sway over society that none have since. Col. Clark at twenty-five years of age was the most perfect specimen of manhood I ever saw. Gifted with a superb figure, handsome forehead and Chesterfieldian manners, he was the personification of chivalry and courtliness. He could dance perfectly, sing gloriously, educated, traveled, and refined, he was most certainly a perfect type of the world and an accomplished society devotee.

At the same age Thos. Ridd also had many qualities that endeared him to his friends and to society. He was generous to a fault, handsome, dashing and a delightful conversationalist to women. Nothing was a success without him. He got up every german club, organized every social circle, took every debutante and was the swell of all the swells. He and Ballard Smith, Chris Huntington, Henry Price and a few others were the noted beaux of those days, and they led society as with a golden string. One looks around him and draws a comparison. You can't help it. Who are the leaders now—Louisville Post.

Chewing Gum.

There are forty-two firms in the United States engaged exclusively in the manufacture of chewing gum. Their trade is increasing, and it is estimated that the value of their product this year will be not less than \$10,000,000.

A Case of Indigestion.

"Hello, Moss, wot's de matter wid yer?"

"Indigestion." "How's dat?" "Hain't had nothin' to digest lately."—Harper's Bazar.